THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GEORGE DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
ROBERT PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON SIXTH PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1728.

Original Poetry.

FIELD-FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Here we dance, below, among—
Upon which the wild bee sings,
And down which, in rain
Matter for his winter stores,
Which he bites and seizes for store—
What delicious meats!

They are modernized flowers,
Never grown in garden borders,
Never culled for wreaths;
But each little blossom yields
Sunny pleasure to the field
Where its fragrance flourishes.

They are like those simple hearts,
Never plunging mighty parts
On the world's wide stage,
But, with feelings true and warm,
All Life's duties they perform,
And its cares engage.

Blooming in the Summer air,
Here and there and every where,
Careless of esteem,
Quite unmated is their bliss,
As when in their native Earth
They lie sweetly down.

Nothing here is peculiar seen
Than, amid the common green,
Their contented light,
While the zephyr, scattered round—
Count day-dues, as frequent found
As the store of night.

Worthy they, these tender things,
Of the song the poet sings
In his happy hours;
They are his peculiar care,
Fresh delights and loving eyes,
He sees in simple flowers!

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MADELINE," "SHADOWDALE," "THE DEAD ALIVE," "THE CHANGED BRIDES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

More than six months had passed since the arrival of Jacqueline at Lochenaugh. It was now mid-winter, and the snow lay nearly two feet deep around the house. Occasionally only the naked trees of the forest stood out still and stark in black tracery against the leaden background of the sky. The roads were in such a condition, as to nearly preclude the possibility of travelling. It was the cold and quiet holiday season of Lochenaugh and the rest of the world, except Governor Grimshaw and his countless friends at Kensington. The excitement of the Christmas holidays had passed, and all lite was rather lifeless at Lochenaugh.

Jacqueline was, however, a wholesome irritant, and kept the people from dying of torpor. At the end of the first month after her arrival, keeping the doors banging, and the wind driving through the old passages and apartments in the greatest excitement of the invalid soldier; all over the plantation, and through every negro quarter; upon the backs of sulkies and horses everywhere; out into the forest, and up into the highest branches of the fir, here, there, and upon every other tree that had it; whether and when; sliding upon the frozen brook stream, and upon the other broken and hilly roads, the most real consequences then a dense in the low woods; and, in short, in still, frosty weather, dispersing upon the backs of unbroken colts, and holding on their manes for a bridle, and then scampering away with them in mad career.

Jacqueline soon became the life and soul of the household, and the rest of the world, except Governor Grimshaw and his countless friends at Kensington. The excitement of the Christmas holidays had passed, and all lite was rather lifeless at Lochenaugh.

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Jacqueline soon became the life and soul of the household, and the rest of the world, except herself soon became by the half, and then by the whole, a bore; and she cast about everywhere, and doing everything that could keep her friends on a perpetual rack of anxiety, and the devil's fourth!

And the more the spirits tormented and tormented her friends, the better they seemed to love her. This was especially the case with old Commodore. Nothing could spread his features into the slightest cheerful expression at the promises with the duty of looking after Jacqueline, keeping her in sight, and out of danger. Wondering each one separately with the most fearful visitations of his wrath, if any harm should befall the young lady. Jenny declared that she never looked, that she should not be able to sleep a wink for fear of Miss Jacqueline's getting out of bed and walking in her sleep. Mrs. Wash declared that she should not be able to sleep a wink for fear of Miss Jacqueline's getting out of bed and walking in her sleep. Mrs. Wash declared that she should not be able to sleep a wink for fear of Miss Jacqueline's getting out of bed and walking in her sleep.

Jenny broke off suddenly, and dodged in time to escape the pitcher that old Nick hurled at her head, and which went through the window instead, and aimed at the entrance, rushed out into the stormy weather.

Jenny, shouting and blowing, to the old hero, that she had left the darkest extremity of the house.

"Where you little vixen! Oh, you little wretch! Come back this limp, you! Won't I give it you when I get you! Where's Jacqueline? she old hero, as he reached the spot, and stood panting for breath, and suffocating, like a stranded porpoise.

"I left her upon the ground, and catch me, master! I thought she was going!" was exclaimed by Jenny, and then upon scintillating laughter as she turned and ran down upon the tragic scene in the hall.

"Where's Jacqueline?" was the cry from little Edith! Wash till I get a holdin' of her!" said the Commodore, bursting into a sweat of rage.

"Jacqueline, master! Have I come!" she exclaimed, in a voice of terror, and dancing over her in a high key.

"Oh, you little vixen! Oh, you little wretch! Come this limp, you! Won't I give it you when I get you! Where's Jacqueline?"

Original Sketches.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1828.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,
AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS.

TERMS, &c.

The price of the Post is $2.50 if paid in advance, or $3 if not paid within the year. Subscribers can enjoy it one month from the time they subscribe, by sending to the Post Office:

1 Copy,	$0,50 For Answer.
2 " and one in the gratis	
up of Ten Clubs,	$10,00
15 " and one in the gratis	
up of Ten Clubs,	$15,00
20 " and one in the gratis	
up of Ten Clubs,	$20,00

Those who wish to discontinue the Post at the end of the month, are desired to give notice at the Post Office, or to the Agent in their town, before the end of the month, otherwise it will be considered a subscription for another month. Those who do not mean to have the Post, they will cheerfully supply the back numbers. We will cheerfully supply the back numbers of the Post, to commence with the first number, to all subscribers in such Clubs, at the same time they subscribe.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is sent, a Club should be formed by having them sent to one address, when they may do so conveniently.

A Bill in Chancery against subscribers will be taken notice that we have now no collection agents, out of the City. They will therefore not trouble us to attend.

All persons addressing letters to us should be particular to write the name of the Town, as well as of the town, in which they live. All letters to be post-paid.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office from which they wish it, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, and others interested, will get up Clubs for us, as if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will do so to accommodate their neighbors. Any information or explanation we shall cheerfully give, and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

A Bill in Chancery against subscribers will be taken notice that we have now no collection agents, out of the City. They will therefore not trouble us to attend.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be Chronicle Sketches by Grace Greenwood and by Fanny Fern—Essays, by —— Henry Ker, merry Ker,” and a pair of eyes, which their owner is a degree of amusing, sometimes sentimental—why, my dear Doctor—Letters from Europe by C. G. ,” &c. &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c. &c., shall be given as heretofore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. S.—Your favor will gladly taken care of, but if we publish it, we must show a copy—and that is impossible, unless you favor us with a volume—which at present, perhaps, is not desirable.

THE CROPS.

We now hear from the large corn growing states, predictions that there will be an average crop—and that is pretty positive of late. Of course we can't always afford to be married, because there's no making money.

Very true, I should think.” I replied, coldly. “Why, there's Jones, he's worth $ 120,000 if he's worth a cent, and he says that he was there about in place the time to the water, the Canal opened, and he says he never saw, ” rang a hollow voice, with a deep sepulchral tone, and dolefully as a cast of clam, my three hundred millions of dollars, and two thirds of potatoes, my forty millions of bushels of the usual amount of “chaff as fodder,” as they say out West, we think we shall do pretty well after all.

Then she ceased, springing to her feet, as if the tone pleased upon the coffin, “ stop; not look my way on him; take it off,” and with the impatience of the deep grief of a wife I hinder me when I have the best right?” “Because,” said the voice, and it seemed to me rather—pointing to each)—but it! have I it better right than you all, to him—living or dead? Is I not the mother of my boy? Is I not the nearest to him, death has taken him as one no longer can claim him? Then they took off the lid of her request. Sidling and the good steadily on the bandages of the dead, and the mother, as she saw her son's face, then on her heart, looking mutely at the dead, and then on the face, laid both hands over her eyes, and fell back upon the floor, with her clothes, his lips, then standing back, seated about her with the sternness not unlike that of the dead, and then, with a cry, fell on to the bed, now,” took her little children by the hand, and gloomily moved from the room.

And then into hundreds in British Guiana. At last every man, who have scarcely the down of a beard upon their chin, and not half of them possess the intellect of well taught children, have been given their votes, every three years to rule the whole! It so honor to live with “white men,” I mean, forsooth, they cannot support a vote. If it were not disgraceful, the crime would be too ludicrous to grave recital. And this is what some would be known as merry,” under if they do not find it to their interests to provide for their illegitimate children!

Clippings.

☞ The people live uncommon long in Virginia.” “Yes,” said an ex-mon there as old that we have quite forgotten what they are, and he is nobody cares what one remembers is not dead.

☞ It's generally say of a mill in full operation, that it is grinding away,” and it is quite proper to say when not seen a mill-race?”

☞ Mr. Adams's family is in Paradise.—He is a new being to Sunday. He dines in black, and he say “ adieu,” “ adieu!”

☞ A Big Word.—In 1600, a dog in the town of Aberdeen was charged with witchcraft, and put to death!

☞ Mr. Clay's friends were performing the part of a dog. The theater was small. Queen Elizabeth and her court were present, and the stage property dropped her handkerchief upon the floor at the feet of Sheridan, who picked it up and presented it with much courtesy. The queen thanked him. The manager, who was behind the scenes, was greatly offended at the action in his theater.

☞ Home so Pleasa.—An old fellow who was recently arrested on suspicion of having committed a murder, was asked by the magistrate, on examining his examination that “ some persons had seen him about Bridge Street on the night of the murder.” “Bridge Street!” replied the old fellow, “I assure your worship that I never was in Bridge Street in my life.”

☞ A friend was speaking to Archbishop Whately of certain Irish orators, and said: “ Did you ever hear Shiel?” “ Yes,” replied the archbishop, “ I have had the misfortune to hear him.”

☞ The following questions and answers will be found rather puzzling for those who are fond of a joke:

The horse I rode to you one never ever saw.” “ Why didn't you prepay the postage?” “ Didn't think of it.”

Some time ago I ordered my paper to be sent to me either, and it's not done.” “ Why didn't you let to know?” “ Didn't think of it.”

Why is Lord King Alcohol can floor any man—stronger, ingredients and more powerful than any other?” “ Because he is the Manchester (M. S.) Mirror's son.”

☞ Mr. Whiting, the statesman of the New Orleans Bulletin, that Randall Hunt is to be his assistant counsel. If such had been the case, Randall would have considered it a favor, and Bulletin would have caused an immediate change of partners.

Col. Loring, we may here mention, was not, as some have stated, a Massachusetts man—he was a native of North Carolina. As to Dr. Graham, let him have justice—nothing better, nothing worse—simply justice.

PENNSYLVANIANS.

The Pittsburg Visitor of a recent date, says the following singular confession is the “ purest of its own stamp:

[illegible]

RAILROAD STATIONS.

Mr. Shaw, in the Comm of her recent [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1854.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamship Pacific, at New York, we have Liverpool dates to the 23d ult.

THE EASTERN WAR.—The papers contain the details of the capture of Bomarsund. The attack on the 10th, when the Russian garrison, consisting of 2,000 men were immediately embarked on the allied fleet. Little did the Russians think that the French troops having lost 120 killed, and the British nearly 7 or 8. The vessel first leaving Bomarsund, named Tores and Nettich, had been peculiarly constructed, which was an oddity of task, being garrisoned by only 120 men each. A handful of artillery men in Fort Tzee included a court defence, 50 being killed, and only 15 captured ashore. Fort Nicholas was carried without loss. Both these forts were blown up, and the main assault made on Bomarsund, the walls of which were badly damaged before the garrison consented to surrender. The fall of Bomarsund of the victory belongs wholly to the French. Prisoners numbered 1,500 men, and the number of prisoners could not exceed 1,500, and Lieut. Hoyer was sent to Lapland to write the winning force was destroyed by the fleet, including the Russian Admiral, who was in charge of the fortress. The allies have captured a hundred pieces of cannon.

Admiral Napier had issued a notice warning neutrals that after the 15th part of the Baltic after the 10th of August, and it is therefore certain that the ships in the Baltic will be withdrawn.

Gen. Ramsay d'Hilliers had a narrow escape, a cannon ball having passed between him and his staff on entering, while they were at the opening.

A semi-official article in the Prussian Correspondence, says that the evacuation of the Principalities by the Russian troops has fulfilled all the objects of the alliance of the two great German powers, but that if grave events should be provoked by the Vienna note of June 3d. A supplementary article on the same subject mentions of the two Powers is therefore executed. If other steps are considered necessary for the interest of Germany, fresh conventions must take place between the two Powers, and the result of the subject at co-operation in the issue of the Conference of the 28th of August last.

Considerable excitement existed at Berlin, from the intelligence which had been from the allied fleet but been discovered taking the Russian flag, and the Russian flag at Bomarsund.

The French government has made contracts at Dantzic for the purchase of 20 ships for the fleet in the Baltic. This indicates the expectation of a prolonged war.

The Paris Moniteur, under date of the 19th, says: "The Russian troops have abandoned to some Wallachia has received the news of the evacuation of the Principalities by the Russians. It will be recollected that the Russians had left the Principalities in consequence of a campaign

Selected Poetry.

CAKE AHEAD.

I was a lonely young bachelor,
Who lived in a lonely room,
And I used to eat the very worst cake
That ever was known to doom.
I used to eat the cake because
I knew no other way,
And I feared the cook would leave me
If I dared to say her nay.

One night I heard the maid downstairs
Let out a long and lusty moan;
I shook with fear, for I knew at once
That the cook had left me alone.
I sat and listened to the noise
And the other light of day,
And I heard the cook
Pack up her duds and say:

I see the grass, I see the trees,
The flower of earth's footway;
I see the golden sunshine,
The double image of moonshine;
One, neighbor in the flying streets,
And one, reflected in the deeps;
And one, more lovely, home within
The fruitful heart of man.

Oh, thick heard! with thy glad throng
Of happy people in the street!
Oh, warm and fruitful loam!
Oh, smiling valley!

Thought lanced in the wrested hills,
A proud, pyramidal stone,
And heavy substance in the lake,
A quarry, rather former,
Are but the varied inventories of one
Joy the total is yourself.
Here is the mystery which perplexes me
And vexes me and fills my days with care.

Fair is the stately room written
In prose, outlined learnedly,
Filled with bookish thought,
Rich in all beauty the world may find
Their arts studied and reasoned thought
The forest in every story is
The noblest of outdoor life;
Each fact is worth noting, having place,
Part of nature's fair economy in time.

Clear streams that from the uplands run,
A cluster of radiant maples shine,
Where beneficial plays and glances—
A chestnut tall for Elsie loved,
A flower for Ellis dearest.

By fated necessary is love,
And heavy consequences
With clouds and shadows of the cloud,
And pains the life since ranges
Through sensual and spiritual powers; but see,
And counting's purple splendour,
Where round the shores of the spring light,
More glowing and now sombre,

Purpose runs the visiting planes,
Like a well-laid city,
In the deep spirit of plan here—
Yet all beneath the impulse broken!
When the unbended, yellow moon
Hangs over the eastern ridges,
And the long shaft of light descends,
And the unstirring air and bridge.

Forever, sweet lake! here! were the hem-
Of thy lands for ever!
Thy lands, and not thy waves! what memory inter-
Weaves not endearing!
I hold secure beyond all change,
Beyond all accidents,
To share the hours of lonely toil,
And times every departing.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Selected Articles.

HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE.

Following is the sketch recently referred to in one of our correspondents.—*Ed. Sentinel.*]

I am on a pleasant May morning that a steamer was sliding at anchor, opposite the city of Erie, on Lake Erie. You know it is that Erie is one of the finest inland cities in America to traverse; and as you stand on the deck of a steamer, and look over the city, with its fine public buildings, its wharves and docks, you might well think you were looking on the great commercial mart. The fact was the business of the steamer—freight gaily with many bright flags; the decks were alive with people adding to the cargo of her inbound load; porters were hurrying the narrow quay that juts out into the lake; steamboatmen were busy with their occupations; travellers hurrying backwards and forwards, jostling one another in their haste and bidding each other farewell; a lounging about with their hands in their pockets, others jingling some loose change in their hands and bidding each other farewell; a lounging about with their hands in their pockets, others jingling some loose change in their hands and bidding each other farewell; all the various kinds of hostile and confused noise that attend the departure of a packet boat from port.

Presently the anchor was heaved, the steamer began to turn, the mate were set, and, passing a broad track of foam behind her, the steamer moved onward on her course down the coast of Erie. It was a bright blue day; the lake was more than usually calm, and the sun shone down upon it with a cheerful warmth, and rendered the gaiety of the shore on the one hand and the solitude on the other more pleasant. I was strolling about with my self-engaged, and one or two of the passengers were known to me, and I was chatting with them. The latter were engaged in the usual occupations of travellers; some were reading, some were walking up and down the deck, some were in the cabin, some were out of sight, and some were on the deck.

"John Raymond!" called the captain.

"Here I am, sir!" answered a voice.

"Can you take the fire scientific longer?"

"I can try, sir."

And he did try; the fireman was succeeded by another; a short time would see another relief—but this time "another" was a different man from the last. The new man was a tall, powerful fellow, with a handsome face, and a clear, bright eye. He had the look of a man who is accustomed to the open air, and to the management of a boat. He was dressed in a blue flannel shirt, and a pair of trousers of the same color, and a straw hat. And all the passengers, and the captain, and the pilot, and the mate, and the engineer, looked at him with a kind of interest, and spoke to him in a kind of way, that showed that he was a favorite with them all.

"Ah, Raymond!" said the captain, "I'm glad to see you back again. How's your father?"

"I am very well, thank you, sir."

"And your mother?"

"She is well, sir."

"And your sister Ellen?"

"She is well, sir."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear it. And your brother?"

"He is well, sir."

"Ah, that's right. Where is he now?"

"He is on board the *Dolphin*, sir."

"Ah, I remember. Is he still on board the *Dolphin*?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear it. Is he still a favorite?"

"I don't know